

## The National: Rains Of Castamere

<sup>e</sup>And <sup>Ami</sup><sup>c</sup> who are <sup>E7</sup> you, the <sup>Ami</sup> proud lord <sup>E</sup> said,  
that <sup>Ami</sup> I must <sup>E7</sup> bow so <sup>G</sup> low?  
<sup>C</sup> Only a <sup>G</sup> cat of a <sup>C</sup> different <sup>G</sup> coat,  
that's <sup>Dmi</sup> all the truth I <sup>E7</sup> know.

In a coat of gold or a coat of red,  
a lion still has claws,  
And mine are long and sharp, my lord,  
as <sup>Dmi</sup> long and <sup>E7</sup> sharp as <sup>Ami</sup> yours.

And <sup>Ami</sup> so he spoke, and <sup>Emi</sup> so he spoke,  
that <sup>Ami</sup> lord of Casta <sup>Emi</sup> mere,  
But <sup>F</sup> now the rains weep <sup>Dmi</sup> o'er his hall,  
with <sup>F</sup> no one <sup>E7</sup> there to <sup>Ami</sup> hear.  
Yes <sup>F</sup> now the rains weep <sup>Dmi</sup> o'er his hall,  
and <sup>F</sup> not a <sup>E7</sup> soul to <sup>Ami</sup> hear.

$e_1 - f_2$